

THE  
Johnson Journal

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Mid-Winter Issue, 1937





do these two things  
*if you want*  
a suit or overcoat

Come in and tell us what you have in mind. Then name your price! Chances are we have what you want, at *less* than you expected to pay. Or, we can give you *more* than you expect, at the price you want to pay. For there's a full range of fine clothing awaiting you. A full range of styles and materials in a full range of tones and patterns. Most of them *exclusive* with us, and therefore as *individual* as your own tastes. All aristocratically tailored and democratically priced!

**TOM GILLESPIE'S**

236 ESSEX ST.  
LAWRENCE

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**M. T. STEVENS & SONS COMPANY**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**WOOLEN and WORSTED**

**MEN'S WEAR and WOMEN'S WEAR**

NORTH ANDOVER

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**The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.**

No. 2

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[illegible]





### HELP!

Fifty million acres are gone to the dogs and fifty million more are close to submarginal! That's how our country stands in the game of give away. Land is being abandoned at the rate of 200,000 acres annually. Wind and water rob this country of three million tons of good rich dirt every year. Four hundred and fifty thousand farmers are tilling the subsoil. American farmers pay as much as \$158,000,000 for commercial fertilizers every year. Yet sixty times that amount is washed and blown away annually. These facts become even more appalling when we learn that it takes from four hundred to a thousand years to develop one inch of top soil, yet it takes only one decade to lose the same amount.

Would George Washington have ever thought that some day his country would be facing the serious problem of soil conservation? Probably not. In his day American forests and unturned sod were things to be conquered. Perhaps the lack of foresight was adequate excuse for their

extravagance of natural resources which seemed to have no end.

But today our forests and farm lands are things to be preserved. Lack of interest in this problem smells of selfishness and inadequate planning for the generations to come. Today, we have an inexcusable number of forest fires, denuded hillsides, and barren waste lands. It has been suggested that we give the nation back to the Indians but I doubt very much if the Indians would want it. In Japan you have to plant two trees for every one that you chop down.

Thanks to our national government, conservation work has been started. We now have a Soil Conservation Service which co-operates with forty thousand farmers and covers an area of six million acres. This service works in conjunction with the C. C. C. and the P. W. A. in building check dams, in reforestation, and education of the farmer.

Come on, you cigarette smokers, lumbermen, farmers and patriots! Let's show some fight!

Paul Bixby, '37



## LITERARY

CONTROL IS THE BASIS  
OF SAFETY IN SKIING

Skiing has been made as safe as any other outdoor sport. Participation in any sport necessarily carries with it a certain element of danger. Part of the enjoyment in it and thrill of the sport is the knowledge of possible danger. As we learn the technique which enables us to overcome obstacles, we finally, after much hard and prolonged work, become masters of the art and are enabled to flirt with danger because we know we have complete control of the situation.

In securing safety in skiing it is necessary to have good equipment. You will enjoy the sport better if you have the best equipment. Next to good equipment the most important in ski safety is instruction. It is possible to learn to ski as in any other sport by doing it alone or by watching someone better and copying him. The better procedure and the quicker is to take instruction under a capable teacher. For those who cannot afford to go to ski schools, there are numerous clubs that provide dry courses early in the season, including setting up exercises, black board instruction, and movies.

In learning to ski one should go on the level first, then turn around by means of a kick turn, then climb and ski down hill. Most of all remember that you should know how to stop or slow down before you try skiing fast. After getting the fundamentals of skiing from books, instructor, ski movies, and watching

others, the next point is practice. If you can ski where there is a tow to pull you uphill you will find that your technique will improve tremendously. A beginner should first practice on open slopes. Here he can devote all his attention to turns and form without worrying about the tree that he might hit if he misses a turn on the trail. Narrow trails are the most dangerous even if they are not steep. Not being able to check your speed in a narrow space you go faster and faster and many a person has been hurt by a tree on a trail supposedly easy. Even the most expert trails if they are wide enough hold little danger for the person who knows a few fundamentals of skiing. Unless one is an able skier the tendency is to sit down before gaining much speed on very steep trails and thus prevent the danger of hitting a tree. On a wide trail one can ski with safety back and forth across the steep portions.

First aid precautions are always wise. I will mention some of the things which are necessary for the safety of yourself and others. Carry with you a knife, a rope, one inch gauze bandage, a pair of small scissors, a roll of adhesive tape, a bottle of iodine. These things in your pack at a crucial moment may make you thankful for the rest of your life.

Francis Murphy, '37

AN AERONAUTICAL  
CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

A correspondence course may be one way to learn to pilot a plane but it is not necessarily the wisest



method. Two future Lindberghs were seated in a plane, one at the controls and the other reading instructions from a book.

"What do you do when you want to go up?" asked the would-be pilot.

"Pull back the stick," came the reply. And they went up all right.

"What do you do when you want to level off?" questioned the flyer.

"Push the stick forward," came the answer. A few minutes later the plane was whirling furiously toward the earth.

"What do you do to get out of a tailspin?" cried the desperate pilot.

After a slight pause, "It says here, 'How to get out of a tailspin is covered in the next volume. Just send 50 cents.'"

Carl Lager, '37

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### ODYSSEUS' RETURN

I, Antinous, Eipeithes' son, said to the suitors, "Arise in order and begin from left to right where the cupbearer begins to pour the wine." These words filled with joy all the others who were trying to win Odysseus' wife. When the first had tried and had given up I rebuked him and said:

"What words have passed beyond your teeth? Words that are strange and harsh, not fit to hear. Because you cannot bend the bow, others among the lordly suitors will bend it by and by." I bade the next who was the goatherd to fix up a new way.

I was the spokesman for the group. Everything I said pleased them. They began to feast at my command, drinking and eating their fill.

A stranger rose who said he was Odysseus, asking to try the bow. I

rebuked him and spoke to him saying, "You scurvy stranger, why don't you eat and drink like the rest of us do, instead of arguing? The wine has gone to your head, when you have taken it greedily."

Then the stranger threw off his rags and sprang with bow and quiver full of arrows to the broad threshold. He poured out the swift shafts at his feet and addressed us:

"So the dread ordeal ends! Now to another mark I turn, to hit what no man ever hit before, will but Apollo grant my prayer."

He spoke and aimed an arrow at me. I tried to make amends for my suitors and myself by offering our best stock. Odysseus would not listen and said he would slay us all. I encouraged my men to slay him. The first arrow struck me and I fell face first over the table, throwing everything on the floor.

Walter Frederick, '37

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### THE BIG ADVENTURE

One night, when there was a round, yellow moon in the sky, four toys waved good-bye to the rest of the toys leaning out of the attic window, tip-toed across the slanting porch roof, and climbed into the top branches of the prickly rose-bush.

"I'm so excited I'm all goose flesh," whispered the Chinese doll.

"Suppose the duck isn't there!" It was the lion tamer who said this.

"Here he is," cried Pat. Her eyes were quick to see her friend waddling through the shadow of the pine tree.

"Quack, quack," said the duck in greeting. "Climb up on my back and we'll start at once. This is a grand night for an adventure."

As the lion tamer, the fire chief, the Chinese doll and Pat, the beau-

tiful wooden doll, settled themselves into the plummy softness of the duck's back, they talked over the plans for the night. They had promised the other toys in the attic play-room that they would go out this night in search of an adventure. And a real adventure it must be too! Something so exciting that the next winter, on cold nights, the toys would gather about in a circle and beg them to tell them about it over and over again.

"It must be something thrilling," Pat told them, "for it's only a very thrilling adventure that the toys will want to listen to more than once."

"It must be thrilling," the lion tamer agreed.

"Oh, yes, it must be thrilling!" The fire chief and the Chinese doll both gave their assent in such a loud voice that the duck was annoyed.

"Hush," he quacked. "Don't you know you must be quiet and mysterious when you go out after an adventure?"

The toys were silent after this. It must be true, what the duck had said, but neither of them had ever gone out after one before. They held tightly to each other as the duck traveled slowly up the steep lane that led from the farm house out to the highway. He waddled from side to side like a rocking boat.

Although the journey was a slow one they enjoyed themselves hugely. A grandfather frog called, and once a baby field mouse trotted beside them for quite a long while. Before they knew it they had reached the top of the hill and had stopped to chat with a handsome young rooster who seemed to be waiting for them just outside the chicken run.

"Beware of Henri," he whispered

to the duck. "He is the black French bull-dog who steals out of his house sometimes when the moon is full and runs over the farm. You must hide when you see him coming, for he is a sly one!"

The lion tamer drew himself up proudly. "A dog?" he asked scornfully. "Afraid of a dog? I, who have trained lions!"

"That's all right," the rooster interrupted him quite rudely. "A lion's a lion, but a dog's a dog, and this is a bad one. Nights when he is out, the wise ones hide, and those who don't hide"—He did not say what became of them, but the toys could feel the duck trembling under them and knew there was cause to fear. At this point the Chinese doll burst into tears.

"Take me home. I don't want to have an adventure!"

"You can't go back," the rooster said quickly. "You might meet him. It's safer to go on. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I will go with you, for I know a trick or two that old Henri himself does not know. I might be useful."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Pat clapped her wooden hands and looked so pretty that the rooster threw out his chest and strutted along by her side.

"We'll leave the lane and walk through the corn field. We will reach the highway just as quick, and we can hide in the middle of a corn shock if we see him coming."

The corn shocks rose in tall towers above their heads, and from each shock ran an inky black shadow that almost touched the next shock in the row. The ground between was full of stubbles and the moonlight there was so bright they knew that Henri could see them



easily if they lingered. So over these bright patches they ran, and breathed more easily when they reached the next shadow. Suddenly the dog was coming. One minute they had felt so safe, the next minute they looked up and saw him running down the hill. It was too late to crawl into the center of a shock. To run seemed useless too, for a dog can always outrun a duck. It was at this point that the rooster made good his promise.

"Run," he said. "I can keep him from following you."

So run they did. The toys held fast to keep from falling off and soon they were crawling under the fence that separated the corn-field from the highway.

It was then that Pat looked back to see how the rooster was managing things. What she saw made her laugh. The rooster was running just ahead of the dog, then when he was about to be caught he would flap his wings and fly neatly over his head to safety. He played this trick over and over again until Henri barked with rage.

"Now we are safe," the duck said, "we can go on and hunt our adventure."

Pat looked down the long highway thoughtfully. "I don't think I want another adventure tonight. Let's go down the road home."

Julia Narushof '37

### THE GOOD EXAMPLE

#### A SENIOR MUST SET

Oh my goodness Freshmen!

I wish I were one of you.

Without the slightest notion

Of what a Senior ought to do,

For its Senior this and Senior that

And Senior watch your step.

And never must you dare forget

The good example you must set.

It's very hard to have to be

A model of the best,

I'd rather be a Freshman

And be as fresh as fresh.

For its Senior this and Senior that

And Senior watch your step

And never must you dare forget

The good example you must set.

Though it's grand to be a Senior

To be numbered with the best,

I'd rather be a Freshman

And have a little rest.

For it's Senior this and Senior that

And Senior watch your step,

And never must you dare forget

The good example you must set.

Mary Wilcox, '37

### PACKING

The week-end is over and the time has come to pack up your belongings. The lady of the family has already started getting various articles together. But Daddy is still out on the porch smoking and recounting fishing expeditions to one of the local boys, and from the snatches of conversation you can tell that they are fish stories in every sense of the phrase. Mother has been trying for an hour to get him to do his share of the packing but has been unsuccessful. The kids arrive one by one and offer very little co-operation, adding rather to the confusion. Willie says that Mary has his sweater and Mary says, "You know right well that you got two alike, one for each of us, and Willie left his at the Boy Scout camp." In despair mother shoos them out and finishes the packing herself. At the last minute just before leaving Daddy and the kids finally come to life and shower Mother with questions. "Did you pack my bathing suit and the slacks? Where did you put my



coat?" and thousands of other foolish things. You finally bid good-bye to your host and hostess and you are on your way. But the ride home will not be at all pleasant because everyone will be wondering whether something has been left behind.

Martha Curran '39

### A MOONLIT NIGHT

One night I walked when winds were  
high and loud,  
And moonlight caught the clouds and  
made them white.

The silver orb was chilled and pale,  
and sent  
Down to the earth a pale unearthly  
light.

The clouds so bright...I wonder.  
does the moon  
For shelter from the wind behind  
them hide,  
Or does she use the fleecy curtains  
there  
To conceal her from those who would  
deride?

Virginia Carvell, '39

### PA SARGEANT'S PURCHASE

Pa and Ma Sargeant sat at supper one night.

"I guess the molasses is getting low," said Pa Sargeant. "Don't you think I'd better go to Huntville and get some?"

"Oh, there's plenty in the jug for a while yet," said Ma Sargeant.

"That's so. Well, I noticed that the kerosene is getting low, too."

"We've plenty for a while of that too." Ma continued to eat her supper.

"Didn't you say you needed some spices?" he asked, after a while.

"I got some from the peddler this morning," responded Ma, with a

twinkle in her eye, for she knew what Pa was after.

"Well, anyhow I have to get the mare shod. If you have any errands you want done, write them down while I get hitched up."

"Why beat about the bush?" said Ma. "You might as well own up what's taking you to Huntville. I know that you want to get to Moore's auction. Your love for auctions will be the ruin of your life yet. A man of fifty ought to have grown out of it."

"I'll pick up something cheap," Pa said.

"No you won't, because I'm going with you. I know there's no use stopping you from going, but I can stop you from bidding."

Pa Sargeant sighed and went out to hitch up.

As they were driving out of the yard, a small boy of nine rushed toward them and said, "Oh, Mrs. Sargeant, Ma said for you to come right over. The baby's sick and he's all black in the face." Of course Ma went, but not before she made Pa promise not to bid on anything.

When Pa arrived at the Moore house, the yard was full of people. A woman came out of the house, carrying a baby in her arms.

"There's Jane O'Rourke with the Moore baby in her arms. I'd like to know what's to become of it." Pa asked a passer-by about it.

"Mrs. Moore has a brother who lives in Maine, and maybe he will take him. He's an awful nice chap," the passerby told him.

With Ma's words ringing in his ears, Pa did not dare to bid on anything during the auction.

"That's all," said the auctioneer, wiping his face. "There's nothing more unless we sell the baby."

Everybody laughed. The auctioneer took the baby in his arms and put him on the table.

"Here's a baby for sale," shouted the auctioneer. "Who bids?"

"Five dollars." cried Pa. Everyone looked at him.

After running up the price to thirty dollars, Pa took the baby and walked out. He drove home, forgetting to shoe the mare.

Ma was waiting for him and asked about the baby. She determined to find the baby's rightful guardian. She put the baby to bed.

Mrs. Moore's brother read of his sister's death, and wrote a letter to Huntville for full information. Ma read the letter and wrote to him asking if he wished to take the baby.

The man wrote back that he would come for it in the spring.

All winter Pa and Ma played with the baby and grew to love it.

When the man came for the baby, Pa held it close and tears came to his eyes. He spoke to the man, asking if they could keep it. The man said the baby was his and he wished to have it.

Ma glared at the man and said, "We are much obliged to you, but the baby is ours. We bought him and we are going to keep him."

The man said, "Oh, I thought you did not want him, so I came to take him."

After the man had gone Pa Sargeant rose from his chair and came over to Ma's chair. "Ma, you're a good woman," he said.

"Oh, pshaw," said Ma.

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#### A SKETCH

Jack's handsome young features registered the most hopeless despair. He had a history exam the next morning and up until now he had

avoided worrying about it with admirable skill. Only tonight when he remembered that tomorrow was the day did he realize that the contents of his history text book were totally unknown to him.

There was no getting away from the fact that he must review or rather learn the whole book before tomorrow morning. Accordingly he prepared himself for a long session of misery.

Dumping books and pencils on one side of his table he deposited on the other a liberal supply of cake and doughnuts, one of the latter immediately being crowded into his expanded cheeks.

Falling heavily into a chair, he crossed his ankles on the edge of the desk. After using up a surprising amount of energy in a vain effort to obtain a comfortable position, he dropped his heels to the floor, rested his head in his hand and his elbow on the table, and opened his text to page one.

After absent-mindedly reading a few pages word for word he discovered that at that rate he could never finish the book that night. Flying through the next few chapters he gained about as much knowledge as he had previously gained going slowly.

At last after grasping in vain for another doughnut he looked up and found that his food supply had disappeared. He slammed his book shut, stretched, yawned, and went to bed.

Clayton DeNault, '38

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#### THE MISSING PAPERS

"All right, boys, you may go."

The words, issuing from the mouth of the weary, grey-haired man seated at the desk, were directed to three



tall, well-built boys standing before him. As the three turned and left the room the man followed them with a look that was a curious mixture of pride and anxious questioning. Then, as the door softly shut, he sprang up abruptly, as if he could no longer remain still, and began pacing rapidly up and down the room.

The man, whose tall, thin frame, stooping shoulders, high forehead, thinning grey hair and kindly brown eyes concealed by thick-lensed glasses, suggested the scholar, was Dr. Robert Harcourt, founder and head of the Harcourt Academy for boys.

A week before Professor Harcourt had received from the Chester Preparatory School, a set of entrance examinations which three boys of the senior class were to take. The professor had summoned the boys to his office to inform them that the papers had arrived. During his talk with them his secretary had called him to the outer office and he went out leaving the papers on his desk. When he came back he told the boys that he had to leave immediately and, taking his coat and hat from a rack and some papers from his desk, followed them out of the room, locking the door behind him. On his way out he had stopped at his secretary's desk and handed her the papers, which he told her to send to the commercial department to have typed. Suddenly the doctor stopped his restless striding and said excitedly, "Perhaps they were the papers. I hadn't thought of them before," but after a few minutes' thought he remembered that they were letters which were to be sent to some other schools.

He again began to stride back and forth and to continue his reflections and silent summary of the case. He

remembered that he had not discovered the loss of the papers until the next morning. He had immediately summoned the boys to his office and questioned them, but from each he received the answer, "No, sir, I didn't take them."

Every day after that he had questioned the boys but each time their answer was the same.

At this point in his reflections the professor turned and walked to his desk. He opened the files in which were kept the personal records of each student. He took out three of them and spread them out in front of him. He would have repeated them from memory but seemed to gain relief from reading them over.

The first was headed "Richard E. Cauldwell. Age 16. Senior Class." It was a record any boy would have been proud of. "Dick" was a three-letter man, an honor student, assistant editor of the *Monitor*, the school paper, treasurer of his class, and president of the Student Council.

The second record was another notable one. It was that of Royall L. Courtland, the heir of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of New York. He was also a three-letter man and honor student. He was captain of the football team and a co-captain of the baseball team. He was a member of the Student Council and managing editor of the *Monitor*.

The third boy seemed to be the most likely one to suspect. His name was Robert Harcourt, Jr. He was passing in his studies, that was true, but only just passing. He had participated in only one sport and although popular enough, held no class or school office.

His father gazed earnestly at the card he held. Suddenly he dropped it and buried his face in his hands.

If he found the boys guilty he would be forced to expel them, since their misdemeanor violated the school honor pledge. That one of the boys was, or all of them were, guilty was evident since no other person could possibly have taken the papers and no other person would have been benefitted by possession of them.

Finally he raised his head. He had made his decision and although it would wreck his fondest dreams for his son he knew it was the only possible, just course for him to take.

He started to reach for his telephone in order to call a meeting of the board of trustees at which he intended to recommend the expulsion of the three boys who were suspected, should they prove guilty. His hand never reached the phone, however, for his secretary appeared in the doorway and announced a young girl. The girl entered almost immediately. In each hand she carried a bundle of papers. As she neared the desk he looked up and said in quiringly, "Well, young lady, what can I do for you?"

"I'm from the commercial department, Professor," was the reply. "I brought back those papers you wished to have typed." She handed him one of the bundles she carried. He murmured his thanks and waited for her to depart but the girl lingered. Suddenly becoming aware of this, he asked, "Is that all?"

The girl hesitated and then said, "No, sir. There are these papers too. I found them among the others and I didn't know what to do with them since—." She stopped, for the look on the professor's face silenced her. It was a look of utter amazement and unbelieving joy, for on the outside of the papers which she held out to him were the words "En

trance Examinations for Chester Preparatory School."

"Thank goodness," he said, "They are the missing papers."

E. Cassidy '37

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#### EXCERPTS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY DOING HOMEWORK

I will start when I am leaving school for it is then that my homework begins. First of all there is the selection of books, which in itself is a very great mental strain. I take my biology book which weighs about two pounds. I figure that I have two miles to walk home, thus making four foot-pounds of work I must do to carry home this book. To do this I must use two hundred calories which may be obtained by eating four sandwiches for lunch. I ate only three and an apple, so I must leave this book at school or labor under a very great physical strain.

Brian McKiernan, '39

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#### I AM A SISTER

I am a sister, born of the same parents as my brothers, with as good an inheritance, with as many feelings, and many corresponding likes and dislikes, yet in comparison with them, they think I'm inferior.

If I run after towels, press shirts and ties, give them the newspapers first and keep quiet when the ball games are being broadcast, I'm considered as good as the dog.

When I follow their demands with similar ones I'm greeted with the query, "Who do you think you are, telling me what to do? Do it yourself."

Have I not the same chance of success as they have? Isn't my time just as valuable as theirs? Some day



I will accomplish something they haven't and maybe the tables will turn.

Ruth Drummond '38

### I AM A CLOWN

I am a clown and you treat me kindly. Yet you seem to think I have no feelings and must be always a smiling and happy fellow. Yes, I am happy, when before an audience, but doesn't a clown have feelings, hasn't he a heart, isn't he built like you with the power to laugh and cry, the power of sadness and happiness? You get great enjoyment from my pranks, but you little think that behind the mask of the smile I wear are sorrow, tears and heartaches. You fail to understand that though I prance around, light of foot, my heart may be heavy as lead. You little realize that while I am laughing before you, giving fun to you, my heart may be pierced to the core, bleeding with sorrow and hardship. Ah yes, friends, after all a clown is

only human as we all are and he has his dark moods when everything is gloomy and his light moods when all is rose colored and gay, just as you and all humans have. So remember this when you enjoy the gambols of a clown; he is subject to the same emotions as you yourself.

Evelyn Clark '37

### FIRST NIGHT OUT

The beauty of that fragrant night,  
with its friendly twinkling stars,  
Did not brighten our tired, lonely  
hearts,  
that first night out.

Three hundred and fifty miles from  
home  
seem like half a continent between.  
Why worry even if the loon's strange  
call  
makes you restless, cold and wondering?

This is your first vacation,  
and your first night out.

John Chadwick, '37

### JOHNNY'S VERSION OF A DAY AT SCHOOL

Watch for punctuation, Johnny! Study every rule.  
You've got to learn about these things; that's why you come to school.  
Next period the teacher says, "Oh! children, where are vous?"  
(You must have guessed that that is French; the last word stands for "you.")  
And then again, "Ish-ou-gay-r," you know that is shorthand class,  
Search every corner of your brain; get seventy and pass.  
And next there comes Miss Neal you see; she says, "Now, close your books."  
Oh! Gee! We're gonner have a test; I know it by her looks.  
She says to me, "Why can't you see that two and three is five?"  
I said, "Miss Neal, I don't think we will escape from here alive!"  
Hurray! here's recess, now, at last, we're going to have some fun.  
Now I can smile 'cause for a while, my studying is done,  
I'd just begun to have some fun; that darn old bell would ring,  
It makes me mad, 'cause when I'm glad, that bell spoils everything.  
Fifth period and here we find, our history class will meet.  
Miss Kelly says, "Now tell me please, of General Grant's retreat."  
Next comes Algebra, and, Coach will be our teacher too;  
We'll get him going on Holy Cross—let Algebra fall through.  
Today is Thursday, so you see, it's music in the hall,  
Miss Leach says, "Boys, please sing your best," but I can't sing at all!  
Hurray! Another day is through and school is over now;  
So, we can do just what we want and will we? Boy! And How!

Frances McRobbie '39



### JUGOSLAVIAN PROGRAM

The fourth assembly program of the year, presented December 16th, was a musical one featuring the Tamburitza Serenaders. The serenaders are Croatians who live now in America but who return to their home in Yugoslavia every four years. The conductor of the program, Mr. Charles Elias, came to the United States when he was eight years old and is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. He has played on a tamburitza almost as long as he can remember and during the program Mr. Elias explained the origin and construction of the tamburitza, a Croatian musical instrument. On these instruments the Serenaders played Croatian folk-songs, old American pieces and a few popular airs. The program was climaxed by the National Croatian dance performed by two of the Serenaders.

### THE WONDERS OF LIQUID AIR

Just before our last issue of the *Journal*, Prof. James Williams came to Johnson to demonstrate to us the wonders of liquid air. This was in the form of an assembly program. Some of the demonstrations were really good, and I will try to describe them for you. He froze an ordinary rubber ball so stiff that when he dropped it, it burst like an ornament from a Christmas tree. He also froze kerosene into a candle and burned it like one. He drove a small steam engine for about three minutes on a teaspoonful of liquid air. He froze alcohol into a sort of jelly

with it. He also dipped a cigar into the liquid air and used it, when lighted, as a blow torch to cut a piece of screening.

All in all it was very enjoyable. It was quite a change from the usual run of things. Those interested in science and chemistry found it exceedingly helpful.

### DEBATE

At an assembly program a debate was presented, entitled, "Resolved: that all electrical utilities should be owned and operated by the government."

The affirmative side was taken by Mason Downing and Paul Bixby. Thomas McKiernan and Oscar Richard gave the negative. Gordon Thurlow acted as chairman. The judges decided that the affirmative side presented the best arguments.

### JOURNAL DANCE

On the evening of Friday, December 18th, the annual semi-public dance, sponsored by our school magazine, was held in the high school auditorium. The hall presented a festive appearance with its gay Christmas decorations. Much credit should be given to Miss Pierce and her able committee, including Marion Bamford, Isabelle Phelan, Marie Alice Dolan, and Barbara Hainsworth, for their energetic efforts. Checking and tickets were taken care of by James Williams, Mason Downing, Paul Bixby, James Jorgenson, Gordon Thurlow, Thomas McKiernan and James Flanagan. On



the refreshment committee were Evelyn Clark, Barbara Eldredge, Caroline Barker and Virginia Carvell. Dancing was thoroughly enjoyed from 8 to 12, with the music furnished by Hatch's Orchestra. The proceeds of the dance are to help defray the expense of the year book.

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Thursday, December 24th, after school had been dismissed, we went down to the lunch room, where a box of ice cream and a napkin full of candy and cookies were given to each one by Mrs. Costello. The lunch room was appropriately decorated. The whole school enjoyed and appreciated the party.

### STUNT NIGHT COMMITTEES

#### SENIORS

Marie Dolan, Dorothy Lord, Mason Downing, Thomas McKiernan, Ernest Roberts.

#### JUNIORS

Thomas Sullivan, Freeman Hatch, Milton Howard, Herbert Barwell, Barbara Hainsworth, Veronica Fitzgerald, Hazel Blanche, Priscilla Lewis.

#### SOPHOMORES

Betty Hodge, Frances McRobbie, Ruth Whittaker, Charles Foster, Thomas Pendlebury, Robert Downing, Arthur Banker.

#### FRESHMEN

Robert Cunningham, John Ranfone, William Mackie, Ruth Stevenson, Eleanor Valpey.

### EXCHANGE

We were very glad to receive so many school magazines this semester. Of course, we shall try to comment on all of them if possible in this edition, but if not we will be for-

given, won't we? The first magazine we see in the maze before us is:

*The Blue and White*, Edward F. Searles High School, Methuen, Mass.

Your humor is especially good and we enjoyed reading your *M. H. S. Chatter*. Your Exchange Column is also fine and helpful.

*Green and White*, Essex County Agricultural School, Hathorne, Mass.

We found your literary column extremely interesting. We would like a few more of those splendid poems, however.

*Rocks and Pebbles*, Rockport High School, Rockport, Mass.

Your editorials were very well done and made interesting reading matter. We also enjoyed the various cartoons sprinkled throughout your pages, and ask for more.

*The Little Red Schoolhouse*, Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

The manner in which you present your school paper is a very novel idea. Of special interest was your "P. G. and P. G." column. Your news items were also very good but how about more literary pieces like "The Violin?"

*Leith Academy Magazine*, Leith Academy, Edinburgh, Scotland.

We were very glad to hear from our friends across the sea and found great pleasure in reading your schoolnotes. We would suggest, however, more humor. The Waverly Market section was a novel feature, so we say, "Well done, Edinburgh!"

*The Punch Harder*, Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

We wish to congratulate you on your magazine cover. It is very well done and in keeping with the season. You have some fine literary and poetic ability among your students. We say, "Keep it up."



## ATHLETICS



### BOYS' BASKETBALL

A squad of thirty-five candidates responded to Coach Cavalieri on the opening day of basketball practice. Six members of this group were let-termen in 1935 season. They were Captain Walter Roberts, Ernest and William Roberts, Joseph Maker, Fred Coram and John Chadwick. This year's squad also has players who have had one or more years of experience in playing, Bud Barwell, Charles Foster, Russell Donnelly and Peter Evangelos.

On December 25, Johnson played its first game against one of the strongest Alumni teams ever to return. The Alumni team was composed of many former Johnson stars, many of whom still played for other teams. The game was close from start to finish and it was not until the closing gun that a victory of 18-17 for Johnson was assured.

Johnson won over Methuen in both games. The first team won by 19-8. The second team by 19-5.

On January 7, Johnson played its first Lowell Suburban League game. After the opening few minutes Johnson was never behind. The final score was Johnson 19, Howe of Billerica, 11.

On January 11, the team traveled to Chelmsford where they defeated a George Knightly coached team by a score of 22 to 10 in a league encounter.

Playing its first home league game of the season on January 13, Johnson gained sole leadership in the league when they defeated a hard fighting team from Acton High

School in a thrilling finish, 20 to 14. Johnson Seconds also won 14 to 6 over Acton seconds.

January 15. Johnson journeyed to Wilmington to defeat the home team 24-16.

January 25. After playing two overtimes Johnson defeated Howe, 10-8, at Johnson.

January 29. Dracut was defeated on its home court 14-11 by Johnson.

February 2. Johnson easily defeated Chelmsford 29-12 in a home game.

February 5. Dracut was again defeated 14-11 by Johnson in one of the best attended games of the year.

February 12. Methuen was defeated 19-14.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Johnson girls started off the current season on the right foot when they defeated the alumni basketball team by a score of 30-15. This was a friendly battle as they opposed many of their former teammates.

Beginning the new year, the team traveled to Howe High in Billerica, where it succeeded in outscoring the home sextet with a 28-19 score.

On January 11, on the Chelmsford High School court, the girls fought a losing battle with the team from that school. At half time, our girls held the upper hand but in the second half the Chelmsford girls forged ahead to win by the close score of 20-17. This was a very hard game to lose but the Johnson team looked forward to again meeting this team on the home court on February 2nd.



|                                  |    |            |    |                                     |    |          |    |
|----------------------------------|----|------------|----|-------------------------------------|----|----------|----|
| Since then our scores have been: |    |            |    | Johnson                             | 40 | Dracut   | 13 |
| Johnson                          | 25 | Wilmington | 14 | Johnson                             | 28 | Punchard | 21 |
| Johnson                          | 20 | Methuen    | 10 | Johnson                             | 25 | Methuen  | 6  |
| Johnson                          | 21 | Howe       | 10 | Another trophy would fit nicely     |    |          |    |
| Johnson                          | 35 | Dracut     | 6  | in the library, don't you think so, |    |          |    |
| Johnson                          | 29 | Chelmsford | 23 | girls?                              |    |          |    |



## GRINS



## NUTTY CRACKS

By  
Ima Nut

I have heard that in the Sophomore Class we have a mathematical wizard. It seems that "Einstein" Driscoll has made a new discovery. He has found that an isosceles triangle has only two sides. The other part is only what it sits on. Was the coach sore? Wow!

From my pocket Webster I found that a pessimist is one who makes mountains out of mole-hills. A pessimist has nothing on Sanborn's car.

The great poet, Mustapha Bath, once wrote a poem that is very fitting for the season just past.

Under the hanging mistletoe  
The homely schoolgirl stands.

And stands, and stands, and stands,  
And stands, and stands, and stands.

I recently heard another bit of fine poetry. I, of course, could not be sure, but I think it is a quotation from Milton.

Homer Gish the dizzy dope,

Hung his sweetie with a rope  
Sweetie swinging from the tree

Said, "Homer; are you stringing  
me?"

Now we come to the scientific corner. After a year of hard study and special research I have remembered

the following definitions of chemical terms.

Gauze: A noise made by a crow.

Zinc: To emit musical sounds from the throat: to croon.

Mortar: Homicide, sometimes committed with a pestel.

And now for the benefit of our Freshmen I have inserted a Kiddies' Korner. This is made up entirely of nursery rhymes so that they will be able to understand it.

Mary had a little lamb

You've heard this tale before  
But have you heard the rest of it  
She passed her plate for more.

Jack and Jill went up a hill

To fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down and broke his crown  
And Jill said, "What's the matter  
Jack, Can't you take it?"

Mary had a swarm of bees

And they, to save their lives,  
Had to go where Mary went,  
'Cause Mary had the hives.

## WITH THE ALUMNI

Carl Olson, '36—M. I. T.

Rita Rand, '36—Nurse Training at  
Mass. General Hospital, Boston

Dorothy Reeves, '36—Burdett College, Boston

Winifred Perry, '36—Bryant & Stratton, Boston

Deborah Stillings, '36—Colby College

Dorothy Taylor, '36—McIntosh School, Lawrence

Yvonne Vandenhecke, '36—McIntosh School, Lawrence

Gordon Andrew, '35—M. I. T.

Arthur Aaronian, '35—Working at Aaronian's market

Blanche Barwell, '35—Working in Stevens Mill

Joseph Budnick, '35—Northeastern University

Thomas Ceplikas, '35—Tufts College

Wellington Cassidy, '35—Mass. State College

Francis Cashman, '35—Working at Bill's Garage

Paul Coppeta, '35—In Marines stationed at Cavite

Helen Connelly, '35—Engaged to marry Francis Shyne

Mabel Dill, '35—Recently married to Walter Stamp

Catherine Daw, '35—Married to David Roberts

Elaine Eldredge, '35—University of Georgia

Dorothy Elliot, '35—Nurse training at Lawrence General Hospital

Edith Lundquist, '35—Recently married to Maurice O'Brien

Frank McEvoy, '35—Working in Print Works

Arthur Olson, '35—M. I. T.

Allison Pitkin, '35—Bridgewater State Teachers' College

Rene Richards, '35—Working in Andover

Leonard Windle, '35—Working in Davis & Furber

Frances Whittaker, '35—Teaching piano in North Andover

Dorothy Wooley, '35—Graduated recently from Beautician School in Boston

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